

SHELLEY I. STILES ANNOUNCES FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY



When a man comes before the people as a candidate for public office, there is a natural and just desire to know something about his ancestry. "Like father, like son," is a phrase which has proven true so often in showing the influence of heredity, and that it has a guide in judging the character of individuals.

In this favored Republic, fortunately, we have no titles of nobility, but each individual is ranked according to his own virtues or faults, and the qualities we demand are those of honesty, industry, sobriety and good judgment. If a man's parents have shown these qualities in their daily lives, one is safe in assuming that they have been handed down in greater or less degree to himself.

In our western states we have a population which is noted for the possession of those sturdy and upright traits of character that gave our pioneers the ability to wrest the wilderness from the forces of nature and the savages of the forest, and carry the star of empire across the prairie wastes to the rolling billows of the Pacific. Our western states are now peopled largely by the descendants of those hardy and daring pioneers, and we find in them the same homely, yet sterling, virtues that distinguished their fathers and grandfathers.

It was this spirit of enterprise and the hope of establishing himself and his children in a new and more promising country that some years before the Civil War led a native of Virginia named Peter W. Coleman to leave that state and come as a pioneer to Pemiscot County, Missouri.

In those days of slow and difficult transportation, that journey, which one of our express trains now covers in less than a day, was a serious undertaking, fraught with dangers and uncertainties which we of today can hardly realize. The old "prairie schooner" or Conestoga wagon, with its plodding team of oxen, which now has become a curiosity, was the familiar mode of transportation. There were wild animals, highwaymen and lurking savages to be feared, and at the end of the journey all the trials and deprivations attendant upon settlement in a new and sparsely populated country.

After the long and slow journey on land, at last the broad and majestic waters of the Mississippi came in view, and here the little family loaded their few worldly effects on a boat and continued on the remainder of their journey on the great river to a place formerly known as Lower Cow-Skin, and which is now Samford, some four or five miles west of Holland, Missouri.

The nearest shipping point for this place was a little town called Lintdale, Missouri, about a mile above the present location of Tyler, Missouri, and Lintdale being then a thriving little shipping point, George I. Coleman, the man from whom I got the middle initial in my name, Shelley I. Stiles, and which name is the good old Scotch name, "Iverson," the oldest son of Peter W. Coleman, decided to leave the rest of the party in Cow-Skin, and locate at Lintdale, Missouri.

This he did, and taking unto himself a wife, he entered the general mercantile business, running a warehouse and shipping business, as at that time large numbers of cattle were brought in from the canyons, where they roamed wild, and were shipped to Cincinnati, Ohio, and New Orleans, La., by boats on the old Anchor Line and Collar Line which were in operation at that time; and Lintdale was also the principal shipping point for the products raised in our sister coun-

ty, namely Dunklin.

Young George I. Coleman had an advantage over the majority of the settlers in the little town of Lintdale, for his father was a believer in the value of education, and sent his son to college before leaving Virginia—a very unusual privilege in those early days when a college education was looked upon as a luxury in reach of only the well-to-do.

The effect of these educational advantages were evident in the career of George I. Coleman in his new home, not only better fitting him for success in his business undertaking, but giving him a position of prominence in his community. He was elected sheriff and collector in this county, where he served with credit and was distinguished for his good judgment and sound common sense, and I am told that he traveled the country by mule-back and took fur skins as pay for taxes.

Like many other settlers in the middle west, the close of the Civil War, which freed the negroes and paralyzed the industrial and commercial system of the South, found George I. Coleman in possession of many acres of land but without means of making them productive—or, as he termed it, "land poor."

As I stated before, he had taken a wife in his new home, in the name and person of Elizabeth McClanahan and to this union was born my mother, God bless her, for as Bryant has stated it, "The last bitter hour," came to her several years ago. As there were few schools in the county at that time, her father, George I. Coleman, sent my mother, Lula Coleman, to Louisville, Kentucky, to be educated. When she had completed her course she did not seek her home in a more developed country, but came back to her old home in Pemiscot county to serve its people in the capacity of a school teacher.

After a few years, in which her influence left an indelible impress for good upon the minds of the younger generation of her community, she met and married my father, William C. Stiles, who came from Kentucky, and saw in the earliest young school teacher those qualities of mind and heart which led him to choose her as his companion for life.

Of this union I was born, and as my mother continued to teach school for some years after her marriage, some of my earliest and most happy recollections are of the days when my mother—who was also my school teacher—and I used to drive to school together, not to the little red brick school, but to the old log school house on the bank of the Mississippi river.

We sometimes stopped by the way to gather berries or wild flowers, or paused to watch the squirrels that scampered the trunks of the trees and swung themselves from branch to branch, and my mother would gather leaves that brushed against our buggy as we passed and would point out to me the difference in their shapes and markings, thus giving me my first lessons in botany. At the end of the day, as we drove homeward, I nestled down beside her in perfect content, and dreamily listened to the chirping of the katydids in the depths of the darkening woods and the grating of the sand against the wheels, until sometimes I fell asleep and knew no more until I was lifted out of the buggy at our own doorsteps.

I look back upon those days as the happiest of my life, and to the early influence of my mother I owe my desire to be of service to my community and to my country. But that happy period came to an end too soon, for at the age of twelve my mother died, and I am sure that she is now resting in the Celestial City, that city not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. I can say as did Cowper, who expressed in memorable words the warmth of his affection for his mother, when long after her death his cousin presented him with her picture, "I had rather," said he, "possess that picture than the richest jewel in the British crown, for I love her with an affection that the lapse of years has not in the least abated."

I now turned for companionship to my father, and just about that time he began to take contracts for building the levee through our part of the county, on the Mississippi river, and I can proudly say that I helped to build the levee which keeps the waters from covering the most fertile land in the whole world. I drove a team when I was hardly able to lift a slip scraper, the tool that we used for conveying dirt. Later when Cunningham Brothers built the railroad from this city, Ca-

ruthersville, Missouri, to Blytheville, Arkansas, I drove one of my father's teams and helped to build the dump to Steele, Missouri, and afterwards was with him in logging contracts and helped with the cooking and care of the camps.

After that time George Merrill taught me how to clear land, make rails and farm, and was always kind and good to me, giving me two suppers in one night, and making it impossible for my shoes to get cold, for all I had to do was to pull them off, throw them under the bed, crawl over the bed myself, and then it was time to get up, thereby making it impossible for my shoes to get cold.

Then my uncle, H. P. Coleman, who is now living in California thought that I would make a good clerk in his store, which position I accepted with delight, for I now felt that I was earning real money and on the highway to a successful career.

My active and strenuous outdoor life had given me a strong and healthy body, and I was prepared for the severe demands of my new duties, which were as follows: In the morning I got up at four o'clock, built the fires, fed the mules, horses, hogs and cows, and milked about five cows, and then prepared myself for breakfast. After breakfast I would go to the store, build fires, sweep fires and then get the team ready to haul cotton to Tyler and bring back a load of freight. Saturday being a busy day in the store, I would get to exercise my duties as a clerk, for you know I had a job clerking, and these side things I mentioned were just part of that clerking.

I would hesitate to tell the amount of salary allowed me for these little duties—you might suspect me of having bought a gold mine with my savings. I once mentioned the amount in describing my early life to a friend, and he made the significant remark, "That wouldn't keep me in chewing tobacco, and I don't chew, either."

I finally awoke to the fact that this sort of life was not getting me anywhere in particular, and I got a job as janitor of the Blytheville school, and attended that school two years. From there I went to Cape Girardeau, then to Quincy, where I attended school two more years, and when I left I thought I was an accountant, but later learned that there were a few things I had yet to learn about accountancy.

About that time I reached my twenty-first year and finding another Elizabeth, which name seemed to run in our family, I persuaded her to join her fortunes with mine and taking Horace Greeley's advice to go west and grow up with the country. This we did, but we found that country already grown up, and after many years of hard work and burning the midnight oil, I in some way fooled the Board of Bar Examiners in 1917, and got a license to practice law. I might name some of the law schools I attended, and the one from which I got my Bachelor of Law degree, but I never liked to talk about degrees and fraternity affiliations in my college career, and upon this subject it will suffice to say that I will qualify for the position that I am asking for.

This brings me down to recent times, but you may naturally ask, "What can you do—how do you tackle a job, and what are your qualifications for the office of prosecuting attorney?" I am young and full of pep, and I think I have told you enough of my early life to show that I have had some training in the school of hard knocks.

I once went through a foundry, and I remember that there, for the first time, I saw the way in which iron was polished. Hearing vast creakings and groanings, I looked into a great wheel, into which castings were thrown, a ton at a time. This wheel was revolved, and inside of it these castings crashed and ground against one another, and the result was that they finally ground each other smooth, rubbing off all the rough edges, so that they were taken out clean and bright.

This is the training of the world's rough hand, the method by which the race has been developed up to its present condition. It is through trial and conflict that manhood is made.

One more incident of my life and I am through. Once I was working for the Capital Electric Company, a large electric and supply house at Salt Lake City, Utah, with eighteen branch houses scattered over Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. I was an accountant, and used to have the experience of young men graduating from the electrical department of the University and presenting their diplomas and asking for a job and representing themselves to be electrical engineers.

One day a young red-headed freck-

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

The County Board of Equalization, which has been more or less in session daily for the past month, is nearing the end of its labors, and publication of its proceedings will be published soon. It is said they have undertaken to do a great amount of work, and it is to be hoped they have made good the undertaking, for there was plenty of work for them to do, or undo, as was needed to do with much of our last year's work. Property in the towns and county was shamefully unevenly valued. We know of many, many cases, but the writer will just refer to the city taxes, based on the County Board of Equalization's work, of three cases on the same street we live on. The city tax of Hayti is 2 per cent. Jim Thomas has a home and two lots and pays a city tax of \$8. Mr. Thomas has two lots, barns, wagons and team and an ordinary residence. Luther Holt, adjoining Mr. Thomas, with one lot, no wagon and no team, and with no better house, pays a city tax of \$16. Mrs. Daley, a widow, who makes her living by doing washing, who has but one lot, no barns, no wagons and no team, and no better residence than Mr. Thomas or Mr. Holt, pays a city tax of \$18. Mr. Thomas' property, being the closest in, should on that account be the most valuable. Mrs. Daley's, being the farthest out, should be valued less. Of course, personal property, wagons, teams and other things, are not appraised by the Board of Equalization, but are assessed by the assessor, and with all that, Mr. Thomas' tax is half less than Mr. Holt's, and nearly two-thirds less than Mrs. Daley's. And so it goes all over the town and county. Mr. Thomas pays all the tax he should pay. The others are simply held up and their purses robbed. There is no other way to tell it. The writer's home property was more than doubled in value without giving notice of the raise by publication, as the law requires. Rather than have a lawsuit we "forked over" our money, but we would have done the same had a highwayman suddenly stuck a gun in our face. We have tried to sell our property for what it was valued at, but have failed. It is still for sale. We want to sell and rent. It is cheaper to rent than to own property. We hope the County Board of Equalization has been able to unequalize these discriminatory valuations, for it is unlawful and highly immoral to "rob" Jones and only "touch" Smith.

—Fresh strawberries—watch our window—at Buckleys'.

Dr. W. A. Crockett of Steele was a Hayti visitor Sunday, coming up to visit his son-in-law, W.T. Nethery.

—Iron-Clad hose and Billiken shoes, at Buckleys'.

Ben Phillips of Braggadocio was here Saturday associating with his old friend (Judge) Frank Perkins.

led-faced fellow—and I might add that you can always depend on a fellow of this type—called on the boss, presented his diploma and asked for a position. The boss gripped the mailing tube tightly about the middle, as a baseball pitcher would do in wanting to put some speed on, gave it a swing and slammed it against the wall of the room, where it sounded as though a batter had hit a home run, and this action completed, turned and said to the young fellow, "What can you do, what are you good for?"

The young fellow caught the boss by the collar and said to him, "I can work, and if you don't believe me, just try me." He got the job.

Friends, voters and fellow citizens, I know of no royal road to success, nor short cuts in the legal profession, but I do believe in the gospel of hard work, and I am willing to practice what I preach, for I have never done anything but hard work practicing law notwithstanding, for I do believe that is the hardest work that I ever undertook, mauling rails no exception. I am willing to work and if you want that sort of a man for the office of prosecuting attorney I ask your votes and influence at the coming election. I have laid before you the facts in my life—my record is before you—no man can do anything by himself, people have to help one another—the rest depends on you, and if I am elected, I will guarantee you one thing, and that is I will be the prosecuting attorney, and I will not depend on some one of an opposite political party to help me to make good. I will make good by my own efforts, as I have always done in all my undertakings.

Yours very truly,
SHELLEY I. STILES.

Mass Meeting

---of the---

FARMERS

With the Chamber of Commerce

on

Saturday, May 20th, 2 p. m.

at

High School Auditorium

for the purpose of discussing the construction of a Cotton Warehouse in Hayti.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

There is music in the air every night of the week. Political speeches are dropping from the clouds and Sunday sermons go capering through the ether. They are within your reach—if you own a radio telephone set. A year ago the words "radio telephone" meant no more to the average persons than the dispute over the island of Yap. Everyone who was in touch with scientific development knew that there was such a thing and imagined that it was some new-fangled arrangement for talking over wireless telephone, a machine which was both complicated to operate and expensive to own. That there have been voices in the air has been known for years. Wireless operators frequently "picked them up" far out at sea and in powerful shore stations. There was a snatch of music here and a word or two there. These phenomena were particularly noticeable on winter nights. . . . Everyone that you meet has something to say about the radiophone. Some own sets and others have been permitted to "listen in" by the owners and have heard the concerts of noted orchestras and the voices of famous singers hundreds of miles from the origin of the music. More radiophone fans have been developed in eight months in the United States than there have been wireless telegraphy fans in the many years that the wireless has been in

operation. The explanation is simple. The radiophone requires little or no effort. You just clap an ordinary receiver to your ear and adjust a knob or two and there you are. The wireless requires the study of the telegraph code and that means work. The development of the radio telephone is one of the real wonders of the age.—Nashville Tennessean.

Rev. Joel Adams of Hayward was here Monday attending a justice of the peace suit before Squire B. F. Allen, in which H. C. Cook vs. W. D. Adams were litigating. Attorney Tom Gallivan of New Madrid represented Mr. Adams and Von Mayes of Caruthersville represented Mr. Cook. The jury found in favor of Cook.

—Did you know you could buy more groceries at Colbert's stores for your money than any place in Southeast Mo.? Try it once and be convinced.

Julius Kohn of Kennett was here the latter part of last week, going from here to St. Louis to attend to business, thence home.

—Peanut butter, lunch tongue, Vienna sausage and other lunch goods, at Buckleys'.

J. R. Hart and family of Caruthersville were here Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hart and other relatives.

FOR QUALITY MONUMENTS, SEE



MALDEN MARBLE WORKS
Malden, Mo.
E. D. JOHNSON,
Prop.

Phone or Write Him

Work Erected Any Place. Designs Cheerfully Furnished to Those Interested.

DO YOU WANT--

To put good things on your table at the least possible cost? You do, of course—it's natural. Then let us fill your orders for Fresh and Cured Meats, groceries of all kinds, fruits and, in fact,

Anything to Eat---

You won't be disappointed if you get it at the "WHITE STAR"

Our Meats, Vegetables and Fruits Are Always Fresh.

"The Best For Less."

Prompt Delivery—

CLEANLINESS and SANITATION

We Invite Inspection—

Highest Market Price Paid for Produce

White Star Market

Phone 90

J. E. McFALL, Prop.